

AN ABSURD FINISH FOR MAZE'S REPEATING TOMS



A Visitor Who Sat and Smiled.
Sketch by Homer Davenport at the
Maze Inquiry.

investigation. After a conference with Mr. Moss Chairman Maze gave Mr. Croker the requested permission, but handed him with it a subpoena to appear before the committee on August 29. Mr. Croker immediately engaged passage on the New York, which leaves her pier at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

This would seem to indicate that the committee is confident it will obtain from the Legislature the money and the authority necessary to continue its session throughout the summer, as the Journal has already indicated would be the case. The date mentioned for the committee to reassemble is May 9, but the committee is not agreed on this and the time is subject to change.

Yesterday's session of the committee was devoted wholly to an effort to prove that in the early part of March the officers and men of the New York police force were called upon to contribute to a fund intended to affect police legislation at Albany. To this end a dozen police officers from the rank of inspector to constable had been summoned and were crowded into a private room to wait until they were called separately by the committee.

An Amazing Incident.

Out of the examination of one of these officers grew an incident that for audaciousness is probably without a parallel in the history of investigations by any tribunal, certainly any body supposedly clothed in a measure with judicial authority.

The victim was Police Sergeant Oliver B. Tims. Sergeant Tims, as he sat recumbent in the witness chair, looked the picture of a venerable benevolent monk. All that was lacking to make the picture complete were the cap and cowl. Sergeant Tims was forced to admit at the outset that he was a great lover of Shakespeare and the benevolent donor of the New York police force.

Sergeant Tims is the president of the Police Sergeants' Endowment Benevolent Association. He was being asked by Lawyer John Proctor Clarke questions about the organization of this association, and in order to refresh his memory upon the subject had taken from his pocket a slip of paper containing memoranda upon the subject.

Fallows a "Rubberneck."

All of the time that the witness was referring to this paper Committee Chairman Fal-

lows, who is seated next the witness chair, leaned over and read across the sergeant's shoulder the contents of the piece of paper. At length, as a sparrow would leap upon a perch, Mr. Fallows snatched the paper from the sergeant's hand.

The portly policeman turned red to the back of his bald head and made an involuntary effort to recover his private property. In doing so he leaned forward and the keen-eyed Fallows espyed in his witness' hands a large batch of papers. On one of the envelopes he observed the seal of the State Assembly, and said to the witnesses:

"You have an envelope there with Senate Chamber on it."

"No, sir," replied the witness.

"Let me see those papers," said Chairman Maze, huddling up close to Fallows.

Snatches the Bundle.

Tims, in great confusion, began emptying his pockets. The papers which he had, as his running comment indicated, been principally with the benevolent association about which he was testifying, but among them were some private papers which he was making an effort to weed out, when the vigilant Fallows grabbed the entire bundle.

"Take his pocketbook," yelled a man in the audience. The crowd groaned and laughed. Even John Proctor Clarke seemed thunderstruck, but, recovering his self-possession, he joined in the holding, demanding of the witness:

"Hand out that other paper!"

The sergeant persisted that he had given up every paper in his possession. Chairman Maze didn't believe him, and continued asking him for several minutes if he didn't have some others in his hip pockets. Fallows and Maze hustled themselves for a moment or two going through the policeman's papers, and then turned them over to the stenographer with instructions to mark them for identification and keep them.

A few moments later Fallows grew nervous again because the stenographer who was seated directly in front of the witness, had the papers on the side of his desk nearest Sergeant Tims, and made him move them to the other side far from their own.

Then followed close questioning as to the contents of the seized documents. There was a copy of the constitution of the benevolent association, a list of its officers and the names of several committees. Sergeant Tims was not very communicative on the subject of the meaning of these names, nor did he offer any explanation as to why he had in his pocket an envelope with the Senate Chamber lithographic crest on it. This envelope was addressed to Sergeant Edward A. Gans, of Brooklyn.

The witness declared that he did not remember how the envelope came into his possession and that he did not know what letter or other communication it had originally contained.

"Throw Up Your Hands!"

Lawyer Clarke had handed Tims some of the papers during the questioning in order to elicit explanations from him. This made him so nervous that he could not sit still, and he finally instructed the witness to turn over all the papers in both hands to Mr. Clarke. This was so astounding a proposition that Clarke himself laughingly exclaimed:

"Yes, throw up your hands!"

The witness did so, smiling in a hopeless fashion.

Sergeant Tims finally said that some of the papers were purely of a private nature and asked that they be returned to him.

"This," he said in an appealing manner to Fallows, "is, as you see, a receipt for my last month's rent; you don't want that, do you?"

"No," replied Fallows.

At this juncture Dr. O'Sullivan put in a plea on behalf of Sergeant Tims, asking that he be allowed to go through the papers and separate his private records from the benevolent association files.

To this Mr. Fallows replied with fine sarcasm.

"Thank you for the suggestion, Mr. O'Sullivan."



Dr. O'Sullivan flushed. "Because you went right through his pockets," he said. "You want to give up every paper and take them right out of his hands."

Fallows turned pale. He hustled off the stand on to the floor and cried out: "I ask that that statement, just made before the committee, by Dr. O'Sullivan, be retracted here now."

Turning toward Sergeant Tims, Chairman Maze asked:

"You gave up those papers willingly, did you not, Sergeant?"

The witness smiled feebly, and replied with a long drawn sigh:

"Oh, yes."

Fallows on His Dignity.

Mr. Fallows, not satisfied, asked him the same thing and he gave the same answer. Then Mr. Fallows grew white rather than ever, and insisted on a retraction from Dr. O'Sullivan.

"A retraction of what?" drawled the doctor.

"A retraction of the statement that I went through his pockets," insisted Fallows.

The chairman rebuked Dr. O'Sullivan sternly. He was called up to the platform and the stenographer read in a low tone to the committee huddled about the doctor just what had been said. Then Dr. O'Sullivan resumed his place at the counsel table, and addressing the chair, said:

"Mr. Chairman, I ask that that portion of my remarks referring to this gentleman's pocket, or in any way suggesting that Mr. Fallows was going through them, be stricken from the record."

It was so ordered.

Committee Chairman Hoffman, who had been holding with indignation during these proceedings, said:

"I suggest to the committee that each paper that has been taken from the witness, and has been examined, be read, so that there can be no mistake about the contents of the papers turned over."

"There have been no papers confiscated!" exclaimed Maze, indignantly. Turning to the sergeant, he again asked:

"You gave up those papers willingly,

didn't you?"

"answered Tims as before.

Then Fallows asked Tims some question which could not be heard.

"Nay, nay, nay, sweet child!" exclaimed the sergeant in a loud voice, at which the crowd in the back of the room roared with laughter.

Much Like a Hold-Up.

Committee Chairman Hoffman insisted that those present had seen what occurred and would be able to tell of it. "Somebody called for a paper which this witness had in his pocket," he said. And he was asked if he had it. And he took it out of his pocket with other papers, and those other papers were taken from him. Now he says he is willing, after they were taken from him, of course he must be willing.

Sergeant Tims asked if his papers would be returned to him. He was told that they must remain in the hands of the committee until that body saw fit to give them up. This ended the most interesting incident of the day.

Yesterday's session was the last stand of the Mazetests. On its revelations the committee must go before the Assembly and have its preliminary report. Moss was side-tracked for the day and John Proctor Clarke brought on as a fresh horse. It was quite plain that Moss was deeply charged with the role of the Atlantic City case.

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Worthy of Sam Weller.

"Now, isn't it true, Sergeant O'Brien, that you were sent to Bath Beach as a punishment for refusing to pay a levy that was made upon you and for refusing to join the Sergeants' Association?"

"Oh, no!" replied O'Brien, as if he had just understood the purport of the questions for the first time. "I requested to be sent to Bath Beach because my wife wanted me to live in Brooklyn this summer."

Then why didn't you join the association?" thundered Mr. Clarke.

"Well now, I'll tell you, Mr. Clarke," replied the sergeant indignantly. "I joined two of those associations concerns a long time ago and both of 'em busted, so I don't want to join any more of 'em. Now that's candid."

The crowd laughed at Mr. Clarke's complete lack of appreciation of the situation. He stood as solemnly as if he had done every thing in his power to please Clarke and

Clarke is a large, stout man, with a shiny bald head, surrounded by a halo of reddish

hair. His neck in the back rests in folds upon his collar. He was evidently inspired very greatly with the importance of the work in which he was engaged. Resting against a table, and like Sister Ann, leaning away back, he would swing his spectacles impressively, roll his eyes to high heaven and ask a question in a piercing, treble voice.

Again he would fold his arms like Napoleon at Waterloo and deliver an oration on the glory of the police force. Still again he would lean forward toward the witness stand like a soldier charging Filipino trenches, shake his fist in the witness's face and vent at him as if he were about to assault him.

It was acting, every minute, for Mr. Clarke, and when the day's session was at an end he was a completely exhausted man.

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No sharper exhibition of bias and partisanship has ever been displayed. The chief characteristic of these committeemen has been their inclination to quibble over insignificant matters. For instance, when Inspector Kane was leaving the witness chair yesterday he was told to leave the room by a certain door.

Hisses for Committee.

"May I get my hat, please?" asked the Inspector, pointing in the direction of the room from which he had come to the stand.

"Yes," was the answer. Then turning toward one of the officers of the committee, the order was given: "George, just go with him and see that he doesn't talk to anybody."

This unnecessary play of astuteness was greeted with hisses.

Sergeant Edward G. O'Brien, of the Bath Beach precinct, added notably to the meriment of nations while on the witness stand. In giving his testimony Sergeant O'Brien was extremely cautious. He is a man of ample weight and quiet demeanor and remained one forcibly of an elephant engaged in crossing a bridge. He is a good "silence in fun" comedian, and his favorite expression, one which he used continually while on the stand, was "now, that's candid."

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